

**Faith And Reason.**

Reason outstrings the harp to see  
Wherein the music dwells;  
Faith pours a hallelujah song,  
And heavenly rapture swells.  
While Reason strives to count the drops  
That lave our narrow strand,  
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep  
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads  
Where darkling mists enshroud;  
The other is the wing that cleaves  
Each heaven-obscuring cloud.  
Reason, the eye which sees but that  
On which its glance is cast;  
Faith is the thought that blends in one  
The future and the past.

By Reason's alchemy in vain  
Is golden treasure planned;  
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown  
Won by no mortal hand.  
While Reason but returns to tell  
That this is not our rest,  
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought  
A gracious Saviour's breast.

While Reason is the laboring oar  
That smites the wrathful seas,  
Faith is the snowy sail set out  
To catch the freshening breeze.  
While Reason, like a Levite, waits  
Where priest and people meet,  
Faith, by "a new and living way,"  
Hath gained the mercy-seat.

SELECTED.

**Lead or be Led.**

BY J. H. WORST.

The world is full of men and women working out their destiny. I say working, though many don't work their way, but rather slide through life. To slide creates more or less friction somewhere, but the sliders are oily fellows and manage to slip through somehow.

The real workers are nature's Noblemen; the factors of the world's onward march. Brainy men, muscular men, ingenious men, restless, nervous, tireless men not one in ten thousand ever satisfied with his attainments, whether of mind or money.

This world creates and pampers appetites that it is powerless to quench. No Rum still can quench the thirst for Alcohol, no Comstock lode can stay the craving for wealth, no Laurel crown can gratify ambition's lust, no College curriculum satisfies the hungry mind.

Amidst them all—above, and vastly more, beneath the common rank, are buffeting against grim visaged fate with little hope and less purpose to buoy them up.

The Christian hopes that after the battle of life, will come the victory of faith; and while this world creates appetites, the next world will gratify them, and complete content and perfect rest result. It is a beautiful vision and suggests the restraint of desires having no duplicate in heaven, and the cultivation of love, mercy, justice and holiness instead, for those that hunger and thirst after righteousness will be filled with righteousness.

Yet with this enrapturing vision ever unfolded but a small per cent consider it seriously nor relax their grip until the changes of death are rung upon them. We are all of the earth, earthy. Present well being first, that secured, then the hereafter and not often until then, though our ideas of present wellbeing range from a full stomach to surplus millions, and the end not yet.

Religion seasons this ceaseless whirl and points the tired soul to an endless rest. Business is a necessity—the outgrowth of environments we cannot break, yet help to make, and better a thousand times to make religion the handmaid of business than to divorce them.

Discontent has robbed the world in her majestic evening adornments, and if her splendid dash and brilliancy and equipment is attributed to dissatisfaction with past conditions, what must complete contentment signify when the soul has reached the outermost bounds of its conception.

It is a splendid thing to be prepared to die, but more splendid by far to be prepared to live.

The former sinks into insignificance when compared with the latter. Any one can die successfully, but so few are prepared to live a life crowned

with success. Nature is not at fault, for every nook is an inspiration.

The expanding prairies, the wooded valleys, the mountain ranges, the restless seas are all written over and over again with inspiration, that the dullest should heed. Life is practical, but it may be made too intensely practical and matter of fact to lift the soul above the sod. Imagination may be shorn of its plumage, and made subservient to the grossest of animal desires.

Religion may be plucked blind and fetters substituted for wings. The shadow cannot go back upon the dial of the world's progress, and to hawk at and tirade against it, is as silly as to pelt a mountain with bird shot.

Religion is at no disadvantage because messages vibrate across the sea in a twinkling, instead of being carried across in clumsy ships as formerly. Its scope and mission expands with developed thought. The circle of its influence is highest amongst the greatest activities.

Who will deny religion's full share in crushing the bud of the present, that the flower of the present and the seed of the future might take its place. Shall religion call a halt and declare itself defeated in the world race?

Shall the church go to the district school, while the world attends College? Shall the church charge with staves and spears in the face of modern steel guns? Or shall the church lead in the majestic charge, tempering the passion, molding the thoughts, and turning the loftiest flights of genius and skill, and mind to the glory of God? She must, or yield those ponderous engines for good for Satan's glory. There is no alternative. To stop them we cannot, we cannot even check them, and though they are innovations to us, to our children they will be very commonplace in comparison with the prodigies yet awaiting unfoldment.

If the religion of Christ does not adapt itself to the acme of this progressive age, and of any future age, then it has already outlived its self adaptation by thirty generations.

The world is as commonplace today, as when Christ trod the shores of Galilee to one that is used to it, and not prejudiced by history. It must ever be tame and common in comparison with the infinite mind toward which it is rising, and after which it is reaching.

Plod on ye toiling millions; toil on ye plodding millions; every new thought enters into world growth, and every contributor is a factor thereof. How many live and die without even this humble service rendered, and yet lament the world's ingratitude. Toil, labor, sow, reap, sow blessings, and reap blessings, sow discord and reap discord, for love begets love, hate begets hate, and injustice, injustice.

The settled principles of life and action are as unvarying as the elements of the earth. So of the Gospel. Changes and varied complications may occur, but principles never change.

In all the great changes, and marvelous progress of our race be it remembered that right is still right, and wrong is still wrong.

Williamsport, Dak. Jan. 1st. 1889.

**An Awkward Verse.**

Likewise ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation, coupled with fear. 1 Pet. 3: 1.

The language of this verse is so peculiar, and indeed awkward, that while we can obtain the interpretation from any good Commentary; yet that is not always satisfactory, so we undertake an exegesis of the verse and thus try to better impress the proper interpretation on the mind.

The Revised version in some respects is a little better rendering, so in the following exegesis we will use it.

"In like manner," that is, "on the same ground," or principle.—"Without the word," the proper translation is "without speech." How a number of scholars like the revisers could have fallen into the egregious error of retaining the old versions here is inconceivable. It is true that the same word is used in the original Greek in both places: "If they obey not the word," and "without the word." But the distinctive and definite Greek

article is inserted in the first instance, and omitted in the second. Every school boy knows the Greek, article makes a vast difference in the meaning of a word. And every boy in his "First Reader" would know the distinction between "A book" and "The book." And yet the revisers go out of their way to perpetuate one of the blunders it was their function to correct. "The Old translation is bad enough, the New is worse. Both translations should be strongly condemned. Not only is the fact of the article being present in one case, and absent in the other conclusive that the word has in each connection a different meaning, but the word "Logos," has many different meanings. Beside this, Peter is remarkably fond of these antitheses. The sense demands a different translation. What an absurdity it is to think that a man can learn to obey the word, without the word! The expression is too ridiculous. But he can learn to obey the word, when that word is commended to him by the silent eloquence of a religious wife. A more literal rendering of the verse would be: In like manner, ye wives, be subordinate to your own husbands, so that if some be disobedient to the word, they may be gained without speech by the deportment of their wives; having seen in wonder your pure deportment.

Our Lexicons make *phobo* mean "fear, dread, terror, fright, apprehension, alarm." While wonder is not given among the list of meanings, yet there is very little stretching of the word to make that as the true meaning here. It would then read, "having seen in wonder your pure deportment." This would give another and plainer meaning to the passage.

EDWARD MASON.

**Study The Bible.**

Do not skim it or read it, but study it, every word of it; study the whole Bible, Old Testament and New; not your favorite chapters merely, but the complete Word of God from beginning to end. Don't trouble yourself with commentators; they may be of use if kept in their place, but they are not your guide. Your guide is the "Interpreter," the one among a thousand (Job 33: 23) who will lead you into all truth (John 16: 12), and keep you from all error. Not that you are to read no book but the Bible. All that is true and good is worth the reading, if you have time for it; and all, if properly used, will help you in the study of the Scriptures. Let the Bible be to us the one book in all the world, whose every word is truth, and whose every verse is wisdom. In studying it, be sure to take it for what it really is, the revelation of the thoughts of God. Were it only the book of divine thoughts and human words, it would profit little, for we never could be sure whether the words really represented the thoughts; nay, we might be sure that man would fail in his words when attempting to embody divine thoughts; and that, therefore, if we have only man's words, that is man's translation of the divine thoughts. But, knowing that we have divine thoughts embodied in divine words through inspiration of an unerring translator, we sit down to the study of the heavenly volume, assured that we shall find in all its teachings the perfection of wisdom, and in its language the most accurate expression of that wisdom that the finite speech of man could utter. Every word of God is as perfect as it is pure (Psa. 19: 7; 12: 6). Let us read and re-read the Scriptures, meditating on them day and night; they never grow old, they never lose their sap, they never run dry. Don't let man's book thrust God's book into a corner; don't let commentaries smother the text; don't let the true and the good smother the truer and the better. Beware of light reading. Shun novels, they are the literary curse of the age; they are to the soul what ardent spirits are to the body. See that your relish for the Bible be above every other enjoyment, and moment you feel greater relish for any other book, lay it down till you have sought deliverance from such a snare, and obtained from the Holy Spirit an intenser relish, a keener appetite for the Word of God (Jer. 15: 16; Psa. 19: 7, 10)—Dr. Bonar.

Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.—Lord Chesterfield.